

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XIV.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays

—AT—

\$2 PER ANNUM, CASH.

I understand if we credit that \$2.50 will be exacted and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

Pay of Congressmen.

When a member dies his pay ceases on the day of his death. The salary of the successor commences the day after the decease of the former member, though the election may not occur for several months. The new member, in other words, draws pay for time he never served.

A member is allowed 20 cent's mileage each way, or 40 cents a mile one way, and can check for the full amount of both trips when he takes his seat. He is allowed \$12 a year for stationery. The most of this sum is pocketed.

The members draw their money in different ways. There are at least 20 members of the present House who let their salaries run into nest eggs. Among them are Scott and Everhart, of Pennsylvania; Powell, of Illinois; Boutelle, of Maine; Henry, of California; Jone, Stewart and Reagan, of Texas; Ellsbury, of Ohio; Stone, of Massachusetts, and Wakefield, of Minnesota. Scott has over a year's salary owing him—about \$6,000. The other members mentioned have from \$1,000 to \$3,000 to their credit. There are a couple of dozen of members who always overdraw, or rather, borrow from the head of the bank. They borrow or get in advance sums ranging from \$10 to \$300, and at the end of the month they have nothing. The great majority of the members draw all that is coming to them at the end of each month, particularly those who have their families with them. Some of them never see an outside bank, but let their monthly salary remain and draw it out in small sums. Others take out their salaries and place them in other banks. But this is not done as much as formerly. A number of them got caught in the Mid-dleton Bank that broke some time ago.

Most of the members do all their financial business over the counter of the Congressional bank and some of them pile up checks as high as \$60,000 in a single season. —[Washington Hatchet.]

A Demand for Women.

The demand in the Northwest for women is only exceeded by the demand for rain. Out in Wagon Wheel, Idaho, recently a couple of old maid were called to attend a dying brother. The brother died, but before the girls could get away the whole male population was after them, including the mayor, justice of the peace and other notables. Excitement ran high, and bids were six to one on the mayor et al. In six days after their arrival the battle was over and the girls both engaged. The mayor had been cut out by a strapping young miner of 30. The weddings were set and the mother sent for, in order that proper elat might be given. The mother arrived in due season and at once sailed into the girls for their disrespect to their late brother and their immoderate haste. She declared the marriages off and announced her intention of taking her daughters home with her. In despite a mass meeting was called and the mayor was appointed a committee to wait on the mother and persuade her to reconsider the former motion. Like all good mayors, Chicago's included, this gentleman waited upon the irate mother. He called her attention to the great need of Wagon Wheel and in the name of patriotism implored her not to inflict such a crushing blow on the hopes of the town. The mother was obdurate, and declared that she would not depart without her daughters. On this hint the mayor spoke. He at once proposed a compromise. The mother need not depart at all. She was fair, fat and fit—odd. So was he. They would pool their issues. And they did. The three women are now concocting excuses by which all their belated female friends and relatives in the East can be brought to Wagon Wheel. —[Chicago Mail.]

HURRAH FOR KENTUCKY!—The following item, accompanied by a jug with a corn cob stopper in it was received from Kentucky this morning:

"Our pious and proper brethren of Vermont may lift their hands in holy horror every time they hear of a blood spilling bee in Kentucky, but if they will look at the last internal revenue statement from Commissioner Miller they will discover that Kentucky contributes 500 times as much cash toward the maintenance of the peace and dignity of the nation as Vermont does, and has a right to raise 500 times as much h—l as that State does. Don't you think so, Mr. Eliot?"

Later: We have sampled the jug. Hurrah for Kentucky! We can wipe the ground up with anything that walks on two legs in Vermont. Whoopie!—[Washington Critic.]

Young Man—Is it true, Doctor, that smoking cigarettes tends to soften the brain?

Physical—There is a belief to that effect but with all our boasted modern scientific appliances it can never be verified.

Young Man—Why, Doctor?

Physician—Because nobody with brains ever smoke them.

MOUNTAIN MELODY.

How Rusticators Revel and Roll at Romantic Rock Castle.

[To the Editor of the Interior Journal.]

A summer resort without a romantic river to afford the pleasure of boating, swimming, wading, fishing; or a place of summer loitering without mountains and ravines and falls's and grottoes, mossy rocks and babbling brooks and cool springs, song birds and kine bells and charming walks with quiet nooks, where mysterious whis-pers voice the glance from eyes that speak; where the shades creep over a landscape of charming restfulness and bright stars laugh and glow in the moist atmosphere; a summer resort without these things may suit some fellows, but old Rock Castle with all its varied attractions, the aforementioned included, is good enough for me.

From the awakening concert by the quintet band to the last reverberation of the footfall of a belated retiree, there is a continual round of amusement. The attractions induce even the invalid to exercise and rosy health and sound sleep follows. The ball-room, a pavilion large, airy and smooth, with a really fine orchestra, now draws the entire household into its dazzling precincts, where the witchery of grace and elegance of costume and intoxicating melody of motion fill the hours from 8 to 11 with pleasure. The dimly-lighted balcony, characteristic of all well arranged resorts, is here too. Indeed Rock Castle has an extended bill of attractions and she "plays all that's on the bill."

The crowd numbers nearly 150 and the inequality of sex is no longer a barrier to the enjoyment of all.

Several very interesting heart af-

fairs are in progress of adjustment, includ-

ing a young journalist and a petite beauty from the Falls City; a bachelor barrister and a tall blonde from neighboring cities; a diamond-created hotel clerk and a belle of two seasons from Louisville; a journalist and a Jeffersonville darling of exquisite grace and beauty; a bold bachelor from Boyle and a rose of the mossy mountains.

Last night a brilliantly-beautiful blonde from the Golden Gate city came quietly upon the scenes of merriment, and hearts that are encased in adamant grow meltingly warm when she passes. Among the late arrivals are two brides, Mrs. Dr. E. F. Farmer, of Richmond, and Mrs. Van Dyke, of Shelbyville. Large parties are looked for during the coming week.

The Mexican complication is assuming a warlike aspect.

The demand of Mr. Bayard for the release of Cuttig is in the nature of an ultimatum, and unless it is complied with war will be inevitable. A peaceful solution of the matter would certainly result if the matter were in the hands of President Diaz and the Central Government, but it appears that Chihuahua, one of the northern States of Mexico, is acting independent of Diaz, and the local authorities of that State are determined to punish the adventurer who appeals for protection to the American flag. If war result,

America will not find the easy job of 1846

Mexico has a numerous army of well-drilled soldiers who have a contempt for death, and whose wants are easily supplied in that climate.

Diaz is a most accomplished General and is credited with military genius.

The principal drawback to the Mexican Government is a lack of money, but

she is in a position to make a much more vigorous defense of her territory than when Scott planted the American flag upon the battlements of her capital.

That America would be victorious there is no doubt, but at an immense outlay of blood and treasure.

—[Louisville Times.]

There is a suburban youngster who is evidently intended by nature for a lawyer,

if nature can be said ever to have intended

man to be a lawyer. He has two prayers that he says at night—sometimes the one

and sometimes the other. One is the dear

one, "Now I lay me," and the other a prayer that the boy calls "The Good Shepherd."

The other night his older sister, who was putting him to bed, improved the occasion by giving him a little lecture on the omnipresence and omniscience of the Creator. "Mamie," said he, after awhile, "does God know everything that we are going to do before we do it?" "Yes, Johnny."

"Does He know that I am going to say 'Now I lay me?'" "Yes, Johnny."

"Hs! Well, ain't going to say it—I'm going to say 'The Good Shepherd!'"

The policeman at the door of the church offered Mrs. Cleveland an umbrella, under which she might safely reach her carriage through the rain. The average woman, under the circumstances, would have accepted the umbrella with a grateful, "thank you," and carried it over herself to the carriage; but Mrs. Cleveland isn't an average woman. Instead of merely accepting the umbrella, she accepted the true and gallant blue coat as well, took his arm as if he had been a Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary, and went with him to her carriage. Of course the police man to day is in a state of delirious complimentedness which totally unfit him for duty, but he will recover with careful nursing. —[Washington Critic.]

"Young man," said a stern old professor to a student who had been charged with kissing one of his daughters—"young man, don't get into that habit. You'll find that kissing is like eating soup with a fork."

"How so, sir?" asked the student. "Because," answered the stern old professor "you can't get enough of it."

Mrs. Tilden's Mantle to Fall Upon Gov. Hill.

A New York dispatch from a good political source says, "It is the prevailing opinion here that Governor Hill will be the inheritor of the political fortune of the late Samuel J. Tilden. It is known that Mr. Tilden had much regard for the Governor, and frequently gave him the benefit of his long political experience on occasions when the Governor, being in doubt, needed a good adviser. Last year, for instance, the Governor was disposed, it is said, to veto the bill for the Niagara Park, but, acting upon the advice of Mr. Tilden, finally signed it. Gov. Hill, now that Tilden, Seymour, and Kelly are dead and Daniel Manning is practically on the retired list, is the only man in the democratic party in this State to day who has shown that he possesses the qualities of a political leader of the first order. Mr. Tilden's death, however, with that of Vice President Hendricks, makes President Cleveland's chances of a renomination the brighter. That, at any rate, seems to be the best opinion here. There is scarcely a doubt that there was not the fullest sympathy between the President and Mr. Tilden. The former on several occasions disregarded the most earnest advice and recommendations of Mr. Tilden. When the secret history of the appointment of Collector Hadden is written, as it is sure to be sooner or later, it will be known how bitter was the chagrin of Mr. Tilden over the appointment, against which he protested in the strongest terms."

Dr. James P. Kimball, the director of the mint, has completed his report on the production of gold and silver in the United States during 1885. The production of gold is estimated at \$31,800,000; of silver, calculated at the coining rate in silver dollars, at \$51,600,000. Colorado still retains the foremost rank as the largest producer of the precious metals, California retaining second position. In Montana the production has increased from \$9,000,000 in 1884 to nearly \$13,500,000 in 1885, and in Idaho from \$3,970,000 in 1883 to \$5,300,000 in 1885. Nevada, Utah, New Mexico, and Dakota still hold their own, while the production of Arizona has slightly decreased. The coinage at the mints consisted of 47,544,521 pieces, of the face value of \$56,926,810. Of this amount \$27,773,012 consisted of gold coin and \$28,922,176 of silver coin. The number of silver dollars coined was 28,697,767. The director estimates the amount of gold coin in the United States on Jan. 1, 1886, at \$53,485,453; of silver dollars, \$218,259,761; subsidiary silver, \$75,034,111; or a total stock of coin of \$826,779,325.

A story from France describes a very singular experience of a young woman in that country.

While she was walking in a thunder storm, under the shelter of an umbrella, she experienced a sudden strange sensation which filled her with apprehension, but was seemingly without other result.

It was only on reaching her home,

half an hour afterward, and on removing

her hat, that every bit of hair on her head

fell to the floor, and that she learned that she had been touched by a thunder-bolt in a most delicate and remarkable manner.

Her head was shaved as cleanly,

the story says, as though the work had been performed with a razor.

As soon as the young woman learned what had happened to her

she was prostrated by nervous shock, and

the physician who attended her gave it as

his opinion that she would not recover for

several weeks.

It is very important that stubble land intended for seeding with wheat should be plowed as early as possible. Only thus can the soil be made compact enough to insure a good seed bed.

Besides, on the newly plowed land the rains that come soak into the soil, while on stubble they run off and leave the seed bed dry and hard when the time for seeding arrives. An early plowed stubble has nearly as many advantages for killing weeds as most summer fallows.

Mr. Tilden was not wholly averse to

marriage. According to the New York

Mail and Express he twice proposed

marriage to Miss Leila Morse, daughter of the late Prof. S. F. B. More, but the young

lady was not willing, though her family

urged the match, and subsequently mar-

ried Mr. Franz Raunelli, the pianist. That

Mr. Tilden bore no malice was shown by

the fact that he sent a check for \$1,000 as

his wedding present.

An Ohio widow owned a large gravel

bank which a certain railroad company

was very anxious to secure.

Several propositions were made and rejected, and the President finally sent his private secretary down with instructions to offer up to \$14,000.

The young man returned after a cou-

ple of days and, when asked how the busi-

ness had turned out, replied: "I will ac-

cept your offer." "You?" "Exactly. I

married the widow and own the bank."

Probably the largest city on record is

Henderson, N. C. It was intended to ex-

tend the limit one thousand yards in each

direction from the depot, but the printer

made the bill read one thousand miles, and

the bill passed the Legislature without the

error being noticed.

The latest crisis since the extremely hot

weather set in is catching fish with a buck-

et of water. The scheme is to coax the

fish out of the river with a bucket of water

and then catch them before they get back.

—[Dinville (Ill.) Commercial.]

Young Man—Is it true, Doctor, that

smoking cigarettes tends to soften the

brain?

Physical—There is a belief to that effect

but with all our boasted modern scientific

appliances it can never be verified.

Young Man—Why, Doctor?

Physician—Because nobody with brains

ever smoke them.

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Stanford, Ky., . . . August 13, 1886

W. P. WALTON.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Congress,

JAMES B. MCREEARY.

Of Madison.

DEATH stalking abroad in the land seems especially to love the shining marks of the democracy. The nation has repeatedly been called on to mourn her distinguished sons in the last few months and now Kentucky is bowed down at the death of one of her greatest, best and purest citizens, whose life was for years intimately associated with the public affairs of the country. Hon. John W. Stevenson, honored often and greatly during his life, but never beyond his deserts, died suddenly at his home in Covington Tuesday morning. He had been attending a church meeting at Swanee, Tenn., and being taken ill was brought home, though nothing serious was anticipated. He was born in Virginia in 1812 and came of the best stock in that old State so long distinguished for her gentle people. His father, Daniel Stevenson, was a Congressman for many years, during which he was speaker for several terms, and afterwards served the country as minister to England under President Tyler. The son graduated with high honors at the University of Virginia and shortly after attaining his majority, came to Kentucky, where he began at once a large and lucrative law practice. His first public service was as a member of the State Legislature, which position he held for several terms. He took a part in the convention that framed our present State Constitution and in 1852 was elected to Congress, in which he served till the outbreak of the war, when he retired from public life. In several national conventions he represented his State and in that at Charleston in 1860 was a prominent figure. Elected Lieutenant Governor in 1867, he succeeded soon afterwards, by the death of Governor Helm, to the governorship, and in the following year was elected for the unexpired term by the largest majority ever given in this State of large democratic majorities. Subsequently he was U. S. Senator for term and in the Congress of the country was recognized as an able constitutional lawyer and a statesman. He presided over the national convention in 1876 and then and often since his name has been prominently mentioned for the Presidency. He has been in retirement for several years, enjoying the society of his friends and the comforts of a fortune estimated at a million of dollars. While not possessing the ability of the statesmen of the first-class, he was nevertheless a man of fine intellect and one who played well his part in public affairs.

ANOTHER truce has been patched up in Rowan, which let us hope will be more binding than the first. Finding that his chance for convicting Craig Tolliver and Cool Humphreys, leaders of the factions there, with the juries obtainable, acting Commonwealth's Attorney Caruth has agreed with those rascals that if they will leave the country never to return, except to attend the burial of a near relative, he will file the indictments away against them to be reinstated only on their failure to keep the contract. Both have signed papers to that effect and have promised to leave, the one for Texas and the other for Missouri, in a few days. Judge Cole has approved of the compromise and it is thought that with the absence of those outlaws, who have done so much to bring the name of Rowan county and Kentucky into disrepute, peace will return and law and order again become supreme. It is a sad condition of affairs when the law has to make terms with those who have broken it, but remembering the farcical trials in that county and the prospect of a failure of justice in further attempts, we suspect that Mr. Caruth did the best thing he could under the circumstances.

WHEN it comes to the pinch the republicans won't support a colored man for office. In Christian county this has just been demonstrated by the defeat of Ed Glass, an intelligent colored man and the republican nominee for jailer, notwithstanding the rest of the ticket was elected by good majorities. It is ever thus. The President has promptly re-appointed all the postmasters whom the Senate failed to confirm. This continues their official life till December, when their cases can receive attention. The same plan will be followed, with a few exceptions, in the case of other nominations that lapsed.

If Mr. Caruth or somebody else would get Zickary Taylor Young to go west with Tolliver and Humphreys, he would be entitled to a chrome. Young is from all accounts about as dangerous a man to have around as either of them, if he is county attorney.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Col. Victor R. Glass is dead at Georgetown.

—Ex-Postmaster General James has joined the prohibitionists.

—Twenty-eight shares of Northern Bank stock sold at Lexington at \$130.40.

—Mrs. Julia D. Grantham received \$630,000 from the sale of her husband's memoirs.

—Estbury is the name of a new post-office in Pulaski. It is between Eubanks and Woodstock.

—Frank Cobb, an old and deaf colored man, was run over by a K. C. train at Richmond and killed.

—Mrs. Max Leon, a wealthy lady of Cincinnati, choked to death by a chicken bone lodging in her throat.

—It is estimated at the Postoffice Department that the deficiency for the last fiscal year will be about \$7,000,000.

—Sam Tilden Whaley, a ten-year-old boy, was choked to death at Paris by a plum seed lodging in his throat.

—There is a rumor that Hon. George V. Triplett, of Daviess county, will be a candidate for Congress in the 21 district.

—Daniel Magone, one of Mr. Tilden's old and trusted lieutenants, has been appointed collector of the Port of New York.

—Prof. Foster, of Iowa, predicts that one of the greatest storms of 1886 will begin on Monday, Aug. 16, and continue until Friday, Aug. 21.

Mr. TILDEN showed his respect and confidence in Mr. Henry Watterson by naming him with John Bigelow and Manton Marble trustee, to whom he committed his city residence and library for the benefit of New York City. The residence is valued at \$1,000,000 and the library at \$100,000.

THE New York Sun prints a table to show that the appropriations to defray the expenses of the government have increased \$110,178,862 in ten years, a percentage of 71.8. It considers this an alarming state of things for the democracy, if democratic government is to continue to represent the demand for honest government, economical government, safe guardianship of the treasury doors. The republicans have done worse than this, in the past; that is no reason why the democrats should not be expected to do better than this, in the future. The election of representatives in the Fifteenth Congress will occur three months hence. For the best interests of the country a majority of democrats should be returned to carry on the work that is the traditional policy of the democratic party, and only those democrats should be sent back to Congress who can be depended upon to check the present tendency toward the high-water mark of republican extravagance and these should be elected under renewed pledges of fidelity to the principles of genuine reform.

THE President appointed Matthews, of Albany, a colored man, to be Register of Deeds for the District of Columbia, and a republican Senate unanimously refused to confirm the appointment. But the body had hardly left its seats before Mr. Cleveland re-appointed him, whereupon Matthews congratulated the country "upon a conditions of things, under our present administration, which secures the political freedom and practical equality of all men, and insists upon the right of free American citizens, regardless of color, creed or nationality, and of whatever political belief, to participate in the honor and share in the emoluments of public place." The colored man and brother will learn after a while that the democrats are their only true friends. The republicans care for them only to aid their white members in getting into the offices.

IT will be a shame if the United States is involved in war with Mexico on account of the imprisonment of the worthless fellow, Cutting, who seems to have brought on the trouble for the notoriety it gives him. He has been fined \$600 and sentenced to hard labor for a year for libel, which it is claimed was committed within the United States. Secretary Bayard has demanded his surrender to the Federal government and unless the demand is complied with, we must go to war. The prospect is fine for the youngsters who never experienced the hardships of conflict, but those who got even a smell of the late war do not take cheerfully to trying another.

THE average advertising agent is a fraud and a swindler, who finally breaks all to pieces after he has gouged the innocent publishers to his heart's content. We do not charge that Elwin Alden & Bro., who have just "busted up" at Cincinnati, are that sort of people, but we are glad that for a long time we have done business with them strictly on the cash-with-order plan. And to the unsophisticated publisher we would say it is the best plan to work with all advertising agents.

In addition to its being a cold year for Stanford lawyers it is likewise a frigid season for the ladies who aspire to be school superintendents. Not one of the many who were candidates in various counties of the State were elected, not even the distinguished Miss Moddrell, of Pulaski, who was voted for Congress at the Somerset convention.

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—Thirty persons were killed in one day by the Belfast rioters.

—Milton Burch has been appointed postmaster at Georgetown, Ky.

—Wm. Speaker, engineer, was killed by the explosion of engine 909 in the Lexington yards, Wednesday.

—The boiler of a threshing machine engine exploded near Jefferson, Wis., killing five persons and fatally scalding two others.

—The primary election to select a democratic candidate for Congress in the Second district of Kentucky will be held Saturday, September 18.

—Dr. Frank Hamilton, the noted New York surgeon, who was one of President Garfield's physicians, died in New York Wednesday, aged 73.

—At Huntsville, Mo., a father and son were out at night guarding their bee-hives, and mistaking one another for thieves, both were killed with buck-shot.

—Thomas Hobbs and son, who murdered two men Saturday near Birdseye, Ind., were captured by a posse who lynched them and riddled their bodies with bullets.

—Alfred Packer, the human ghoul who killed and devoured five of his companions out in Colorado, will spend the next forty years in a penitentiary, if he lives that long!

—Arthur H. Hardy, of Lebanon, was married to Florence Carces, a notorious scarlet woman of Jeffersonville, Ind., after being acquainted with her but a short time.

—Congressman Lewis Beach, of the 15th New York district, is dead. Mr. Beach was serving his third term in the House, and during the session just closed made some reputation.

—The dead lock which has existed in the Democratic Congressional nominating convention at Charleston, Mo., for a week, was broken Tuesday on the 641st ballot, by the nomination of James C. Walker.

—The Tennessee democracy in convention assembled endorsed the administration of President Cleveland. Six gentlemen were put in nomination for governor with Robert L. Taylor leading at last report.

—An election has been ordered in Anderson county for August 14th, for the county to vote on the proposition to take \$100,000 worth of stock in the proposed Louisville Southern railroad, and things are red-hot down there.

—The will of Mr. Tilden provides handsomely for all his relatives, for the establishment of a free library at New London, Yonkers and New York and for other public benefits. The estate is valued at \$10,000,000.

—Congressman Charles T. O'Ferrall, of Virginia, found 246 republicans holding office in his district when the present administration came in. He went to work at once and in 90 days all but 4 of their places were occupied by democrats.

—A dispatch from Flemingsburg says: David Brown, a wealthy farmer living near Sapp, that county, was robbed of \$16,000 in government bonds, \$35 in currency and \$1,000 in negotiable notes. Entrance was effected into his house at night.

—Hundreds of families are homeless in Wisconsin by reason of the great forest fire, which for nearly 100 miles are raging along the line of the Wisconsin Central railroad. The loss by the destruction of the village of Spencer amounts to \$300,000.

—It is rumored that Gen. Black, commissioner of pensions, will resign, as the result of a disagreement with Secretary Lamar, and will be sent as minister to Austria. Ex-Governor Glick, of Kansas, and Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, of New York, are mentioned to succeed him.

—Information has just reached London of the killing of William Stuart at Harlan court-house, Harlan county, on Saturday. He was shot by Frank Clem with a pistol while walking along the street with a shotgun on his shoulder, and instantly killed. The killing was the result of an old grudge.

—Six weeks ago Robert Drakely, of Baltimore, aged 19, married Mrs. Warwick, of Woodbury, Conn., who was 20 years his senior. Before the honeymoon was over there were rumors of disagreements, and Tuesday night Drakely shot his wife through the heart and himself accidentally through the hand and foot.

—Rolin M. Squire, commissioner of public works in New York City, and Maurice B. Flynn, professional politician, have been indicted for irregularities connected with the administration of the office held by the first mentioned. They were released on bonds of \$10,000 each, but are likely to join Jaehn in Sing Sing.

—W. H. Newman, who succeeds H. M. Hoxie as Vice President and General Manager of the Missouri Pacific railroad system, is a Kentuckian, who left Metcalfe county twenty years ago without a dollar in his purse and went into the world to open the oyster, and he appears to have gotten into where it lives.—[Times.]

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

While our usually prompt scribe, Sergeant W. T. Burdett is serving his country by eating up State rations at Crab Orchard, we are forced to draw on Brother Hughes' News, an advance copy of which he kindly sent us by Will Foster yesterday.—Alcorn's majority in this county is 30; Dick Warren's 94; Brown's for county attorney 56; Robinson for sheriff 77; Rothwell for jailer 307. The democratic ticket was elected throughout.—A concert for the benefit of the Presbyterian church, will be given at the Opera House on the evening of the 17th, followed by an "Ethical Tea."

The colored people of Upper Garrard, will hold a fair in Gideon Rothwell's woods, near Lowell, August 27th and 28th.—Mr. and Mrs. John H. Woodcock and son, Willie, Mrs. M. S. Walter and Mrs. W. S. Miller went on the Old Point excursion.—The Teachers' Institute will be held August 24th and the 4 days following.

HARRISON COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Wheeling.

—The new law assessor will commence work on the 15th of September each year, and close by the 15th of December. Instead of receiving a compensation of 15 cents per list, they receive 4 per cent. on the first million dollars they assess, and 1½ per cent. on each additional million. The assessor is required to swear each person he assesses and new blanks show that there are 90 different questions to be asked and answered equally as many blanks to be filled.

Col. Champe Carter.

—Died, at Franklin, Robertson county, Texas, August 2, 1886, Col. Champe Carter, son of Champe Carter, Sr., formerly a citizen of our county and for two terms clerk of our county court. The subject of this sketch was a grandson of Judge Thomas

B. Montgomery and a nephew of the late Thos. B. Montgomery, both of whom lived and died in this county and were buried in the Old Buffalo Spring Cemetery. He was born in Amherst county, Virginia, April 29, 1840, whence his father moved to this county in October, 1847, and was reared in Stanford, attending the Seminary in his youth. In 1859 his father moved to Texas

—settling at Milford, Ellis county—leaving him a student in Centre College, where he remained until he graduated in June, 1861. Like most of the chivalrous youth of Kentucky, he was an ardent Breckinridge democrat, and his graduating speech reflecting strongly his political impulses was suppressed by his uncle, Dr. Lewis W. Green, at that time President of Centre College.

Running the gauntlet of the Federal troops, he escaped and joined his family in Tex. Subsequently he joined the 15th Texas Infantry and served in Arkansas, Indian Territory and Louisiana, part of the time with Polignac's Brigade. Was seriously wounded at the bloody battle of Fordoche, La., in Sept. 1863, from which he never fully recovered sufficiently to serve in the field and was assigned to duty on Gen. McGruder's staff in Texas. At the end of the war he settled in Robertson county, Texas, where he practiced law, chiefly as a land lawyer, in which he made great proficiency, being considered good authority on land titles.

He married about 15 years ago Miss Victoria Randolph, by whom he had six children. The eldest, a son, Randolph, died in infancy. There remain five daughters. The eldest is 14 and the youngest 3 years; viz: Montie, Randolph, Pattie, Robbie and Jennie.

Col. Carter leaves a large circle of relatives, scattered from Virginia to Texas, and on the Pacific coast, and many old comrades and friends to mourn his loss.

How deeply all will feel his loss who know him, is best attested by the eloquent tribute of the leading paper of his county, which declared that after 20 years' residence in Robertson county, Texas, covering the reconstruction period, that "he had no enemies—none knew him but to love him."

RICHMOND.—The total amount of claims allowed against the county this year is \$17,166.47. An adjourned meeting of the court of claims was held this week and the county levy was placed at ten cents on the \$100, the railroad tax at ten cents on the \$100 and the head tax at \$2. This is a reduction from last year of 14 cents on the \$100 and \$1 per capita. The salary of the superintendent of schools was fixed at \$600. He received \$900 last year.—Jackson Milner died at his residence at the fair grounds yesterday morning, at 3 o'clock, of typhoid fever. For two weeks his life had hung as in a balance, and even to the last hopes were entertained that he might ultimately recover. By his death Madison loses one of the noblest and most courageous hearted of her young men. At the recent election he had been re-elected county superintendent of schools without opposition, a position he had filled for one term in an eminently satisfactory manner. He was a true man and a Christian gentleman.—A few days ago James Vernon and Miss Lizzie Gaffney, accompanied by Peter Green and Miss Martha Vernon, came to Richmond for the purpose of getting married. They had previously obtained a marriage license from the Garrard county clerk, all of them hailing from that county. Unfortunately for them, before having the knot tied they wandered off and got drunk on local option whiskey, when they immediately wanted to kill somebody. They were soon lodged in the lock-up, however, and given 10 days in jail each and fined \$25 for carrying concealed weapons and put to work on the rock pile. Subsequently Jim made his escape but the marriage has not occurred yet.—[Herald.]

—It is rumored that Gen. Black, commissioner of pensions, will resign, as the result of a disagreement with Secretary Lamar, and will be sent as minister to Austria. Ex-Governor Glick, of Kansas, and Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, of New York, are mentioned to succeed him.

—Information has just reached London of the killing of William Stuart at Harlan court-house, Harlan county, on Saturday.

—A dispatch from Flemingsburg says: David Brown, a wealthy farmer living near Sapp, that county, was robbed of \$16,000 in government bonds, \$35 in currency and \$1,000 in negotiable notes. Entrance was effected into his house at night.

—Hundreds of families are homeless in Wisconsin by reason of the great forest fire, which for nearly 100 miles are raging along the line of the Wisconsin Central railroad. The loss by the destruction of the village of Spencer amounts to \$300,000.

AN UNSHACKLED FURY.

VIVID DESCRIPTION OF A WIND STORM
ON THE PRAIRIES.A Hurricane Rushing Over the Plains
in Search of Victims—Men Suffocating
for Air—Animals Killed—The Climax
Reached.

We were camped on the open prairie, seventy miles from the nearest range of hills, with not a tree or bush in sight as far as the eye could range. A few rods to the east was a dry ravine, perhaps six feet deep. It was one of those queer freaks of the prairie, beginning nowhere, ending nowhere, and not to be seen until one rode into it. It crooked and turned like the tail of a serpent, but one looking across the prairie saw nothing but a dead level.

Night shut down as soft as a whisper, and the stars came out and looked cheerfully down on the faces of the men who rested after a hard day's work. There was not wind enough to turn a feather. There was no sign in the heavens that danger menaced. At midnight the wakeful sentinel felt a gentle puff of wind lifting his long hair, and from distant point the bark of a coyote was wafted to his ears. Ten minutes later the grass about him was bending to a breeze, and the unsecured flap of the tent began to whip. One of the sleepers was aroused to make things secure, and he was none too soon. Away off in the west was heard a mighty rushing as the grass swished in the wind, and dozens of dark forms skinned past the tent in the ravine. The animal life of the prairie had become aroused.

THE WIND FROM THE WEST.

Not in puffs, but with a front like a wall, the wind came out of the west, increasing in strength every moment. An hour after midnight the sentinel could no longer stand against it, and the sleepers had been aroused to hold the tent in place by main strength. A quarter of an hour later it was picked up as the human breath blows a feather away. Men shouted and screamed at each other, but the wind took the words from their lips and whirled them away unheard. Blown along like so many puppets the band fell into the ravine for shelter, followed two minutes later by all the horses. The alarmed animals crowded up close to their human friends, and they all lay down for further security. The wagons were heard rushing away to tumble into the ravine further down, and now and then saddle or blanket or cooking utensil flew over the ravine or fell among the fugitives.

Afar up the mighty mountains a vial of wrath had been uncorked. Through the gloomy canyons—down the awful precipices—over the pine-clad slopes rushed a hurricane in search of victims. It leaped down from mountain to foot hills with the roar of an angry sea, and it left the foot hills for the level prairie bent on terrible destruction. Across the seventy miles of level it dashed at us with its fury, and at 2 o'clock no living thing could have faced it. At 3 the storm-swept prairie kept up a continuous trembling, as if a volcano was about to break forth near us. At 4, when daylight broke, the air was cloaked with grass torn up by the roots, and the roar was appalling. Men clung to each other and to the grass, and now and then, as the roaring died out for a few seconds, the frightened horse neighed their terror. When the wind blows sixty miles an hour it is a hurricane. It was blowing harder than that to tear up the strong prairie grass out of the soil. When the wind blows seventy miles an hour great trees are uprooted and barns are blown down. It was blowing harder than that to sweep up and carry off our heavy picks and axes. More than seventy—more than eighty—more than ninety—aye, that mighty wrath was dashing over the prairie at the rate of 100 miles an hour.

A DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

We felt suffocated for the want of air. We were deafened by the continuous roaring. We were exhausted by the desperate struggle to prevent being scooped up bodily and carried out of the ravine. If it was so with us sheltered from the fury as we were, how must it have been with those exposed to its full force! A great wolf, from whom life was beaten out, rolled down among us. The bodies of dozens of coyotes and rabbits, in which every bone seemed broken, dropped into the ravine. The wagons were caught up at daylight, whirled in the air for a moment and then disappeared forever. Even the iron axles were not to be found. Two or three objects, which no one could make out, tumbled over the bank below the horses. Some hours later we found them to be mangled and pounded and bone-broken bodies of buffaloes.

At 5 o'clock the climax was reached. It appeared as if the earth rose and fell under us. One of the horses struggled to his feet, and the next instant he vanished to the east. The force of the wind bruised and pained. A rock weighing tons, blown, perhaps, from the foot-hills, ploughed down one bank and rushed up the other to continue a plaything for the wrath. Our breath came by gasps. The air thickened until it became twilight. Half an hour later the wind began to lull, the roaring to die away and the sky to lighten up, and at 7 o'clock we were searching the prairie in hope of recovering some one article belonging to what had been a well stocked camp. On the prairie we found absolutely nothing. In the ravine a couple of axes, two or three saddles, an iron kettle and portions of harness. The mighty wrath had hungered for our lives, and failing to get them, had vengeancefully sought to rob us of our all.—Detroit Free Press.

The Comte and Comtesse de Paris.

In their domestic relations the Comte and Comtesse de Paris were always as good as they could be. Both of them had and have strong family instincts. He took after his mother in his love of study, and she after the Bourbons of Spain and Naples in her love of hunting and shooting. She showed herself equal to breaking skittish colts, to driving four-in-hand or to tiring out three or four horses at a chase. She dressed in a neat, masculine style, wore stand-up collars, soft felt hats without feathers, and preferred waterproofs to luxurious mantles when driving her team of ponies in bad weather. Although strong minded, she is not an esprit fort. Her son, the Duo d'Orleans, inherits her sylvan tastes. He is one of the best shots in France. His last day at Eu was spent in shooting blackbirds, crows and thrushes. The enormous bag he made of these birds was converted into a pig big enough to have been served at a banal banquet in days of yore.—London Truth.

Where "Ouida" Gets Her Points.

Ouida goes to Venice periodically for the reason, as she says, that she finds it the most interesting place in the world. But it is to be feared that her true motive is that it is a social center for the tourist world, and that her visits are for the purpose of securing scandalous material for her novels. It may assist her in this respect, but the great mines of material which she is in search of exist mainly in Nice, Mentone, Monte Carlo, Trouville, Arcachon and other watering places, most of which are in France.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Louise Michel says she hopes to come to America after death when her soul migrates.

WAKE OF THE BATTLE.

Sufferings of the Confederate Wounded
Described by an Eyewitness.

A Federal soldier once said to me: "I was always sorry for your wounded; they never seemed to get any care." The remark was extreme, but there was too much justice in it. There was little mitigation of hardship to our unfortunate armies. We were fond of calling them Spartans, and they were but too truly called upon to endure a Spartan system of neglect and privation. They were always ill-fed and ill-cared for. It would have been fatal at this time, one would think, to send a courier back to inform the town and bespeak what comforts it could for the approaching wounded. But here they were, unannounced, on the brick pavements, and the first thing was to find roofs to cover them.

Men ran for keys and opened the long, empty shops and unused rooms; other people got brooms and stirred up the dust of ages; then armies of children began to appear with bundles of hay and straw, taken from anybody's stable. These were hastily disposed of in heaps, and covered with blankets—the soldier's own, or else one begged or borrowed from anywhere. On these improvised beds the sufferers were placed, and the next question was of the proper dressing of their wounds. No surgeons were to be seen. A few men, detailed as nurses, had come, but they were incompetent, of course. Our wretched men set bravely to work and washed away the blood, or stanched it as well as they could, where the jolting of the long, rough ride had disarranged the hasty bandages done on the battlefield. But what did they know of wounds beyond a cut finger or a boil? Yet they bandaged and bathed with a devotion that went far to make up for their inexperience.

Then there was the hunt for bandages. Every housekeeper ransacked her stores and brought things new and old. I saw one girl, in despair for a strip of cloth, look about helplessly, and then rip off the hem of her white petticoat. The doctors came up by and by, or I suppose they did, for some amputation was done. Rough surgery, you may be sure. The women helped, holding the instruments and the basins, and trying to soothe or strengthen. They stood to their work very nobly; the emergency brought out all their strength to meet it.—The Century.

Those Who Get Along Best.

The west is making a great impression in New York in every way, not merely in the stock market and the produce market, but in social life. They have a free nature, advance more directly upon their objects, get in with people quicker, and waste no time in mere fastidiousness. In this world those people get along the best who are the least respecters of persons. There is no society on the globe where a toady is not contemptible. Looking over the general area of human nature, one finds that with a scoundrel he can deal understandingly, with a drunkard he can make allowances, but the individual who splits hairs between persons for reasons so infinitesimally small that nobody can get to the bottom of them, generally becomes a monster of smallness and selfishness, peculiar as these terms may seem to you. I have known men to conduct newspapers and to keep themselves in a perpetual slow for fear they are giving too much conspicuously to this or that man who might be under the ban.—George Alfred Townsend in Boston Globe.

Feminine Wit Came to Her Aid.

It was not long ago that a friend of ours was traveling with a party of excursionists in the mining regions of Pennsylvania. She was a single lady, and did not know any of her male companions even by name. She went down into a mine with the other tourists, and with a woman's natural curiosity she would investigate a little for herself. The consequence was that she got lost, and found herself in a labyrinthine passage, whose windings she could not follow to the sunlight. Vague visions of death by starvation floated before her mind, and she was puzzled for a few minutes to know what to do. Feminine wit finally came to her aid, and she shouted at the top of her voice, "John!" Presently the answer came back, "What do you want?" "I wish you would help me to find my way out of this hole," was the reply, and almost immediately a manly form was at her side which dexterously piloted her to the open day. She was not acquainted with her kind rescuer, but she said she was sure there was a John in every crowd, and could make no mistake if she called for him.—Boston Budget "Saunterer."

Two Kinds of Old People.

What is it that makes the society of some old persons unwelcome and undesirable? Not their years, but the peculiarities, the angularities of temper and character which they permit the years to bestow upon them. Haven't we all known men and women whom everybody wanted near because they were so lively, so entertaining, so inspiring? They were not always young in years, but did any one ever think of them as old? I have in mind a woman who is much younger than that eighty—more than ninety—aye, that mighty wrath was dashing over the prairie at the rate of 100 miles an hour.

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Treatment of Coal in Store.

A Philadelphian thinks that Graham's experiment with his barrel in the Niagara whirlpool may be of practical benefit. His idea is that seagoing vessels might be equipped with one or more such casks, which in case of wreck on a surf beaten coast might be the means of establishing communication between the vessel and the shore.—New York Sun.

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THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. M. L. Bourne.

THIRD-CLASS TICKETS.

INCIDENTS NOTED BY THREE LADY TRAVELERS IN ITALY.

The Interior of a Continental Third-Class Carriage—Chat of the Passengers—Some Amusing Remarks—Good Nature and Primitive Politeness.

Like all continental third-class carriages, ours was open from end to end, with bare wooden seats ranged from side to side. The carriage was divided into two sections, with doors at each side, but an active person (and many of our persons were active) would easily pass from one section to another simply by climbing over the backs of the seats, which backs were the height of a sitting man's shoulders. We sat, as in all European carriages, upon seats face to face, so that our lincey-woolsey knees almost touched the jeans and corduroy knees in front of us.

Men ran for keys and opened the long, empty shops and unused rooms; other people got brooms and stirred up the dust of ages; then armies of children began to appear with bundles of hay and straw, taken from anybody's stable. These were hastily disposed of in heaps, and covered with blankets—the soldier's own, or else one begged or borrowed from anywhere. On these improvised beds the sufferers were placed, and the next question was of the proper dressing of their wounds. No surgeons were to be seen. A few men, detailed as nurses, had come, but they were incompetent, of course. Our wretched men set bravely to work and washed away the blood, or stanched it as well as they could, where the jolting of the long, rough ride had disarranged the hasty bandages done on the battlefield. But what did they know of wounds beyond a cut finger or a boil? Yet they bandaged and bathed with a devotion that went far to make up for their inexperience.

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